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Will attend to all kinds of Dental work and guarantee entire satisfaction. He will visit the different parts of the county, previous notice of which visits will be given.
Office—Front room over C. C. Randall's Boot and Shoe Store. July 23/72

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Will practice in the various Courts of this and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections and matters relating to real estate. Office—North-east corner Main and Cherry streets, just below Laclede Hotel. v8n97

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Phoenix Insurance Companies,
and Real Estate Agents,**

TROY, MISSOURI.
JOSEPH B. ALLEN, Notary Public.
apr25-72n17

**B. W. WHEELER,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
NEW HOPE, MO.**

Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and Montgomery counties. sep771n39y1

**WM. FRAZIER. G. W. COLBERT.
FRAZIER & COLBERT,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Ag'ts,
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Will practice in all the courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collections and to the sale and purchase and leasing of real estate. Abstracts of titles, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on short notice. Large number of valuable farms for sale at low prices. Office on Main street in Randall's building, up stairs. v7n14

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the State. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. v6n32

**LACLEDE HOTEL,
TROY, MO.**

THORNHILL & BUSWELL, Prop'rs

THIS is a first-class hotel, furnished in good style and its table supplied with the best the market affords. Strangers stopping in Troy will find here all the comforts of home.
The BAR is stocked with strictly prime Liquors, such as Brandy, Whiskey, Wine, Ale, Gin, etc.; also the finest brands of Cigars. apr25n17

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Administrators' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Henry Quigley, dec'd, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., on the 10th day of July, 1872. Persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred. [Jul21] DAVID T. WADDY, Adm'r.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said, "Only just a child that's dead!" And so they carelessly turned away From the mound the spade had made that day. Ah! they did not know how deep a shade That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small, One yard would have served for an ample pall, And one man in his arms could have borne away The rosewood and its freight of clay; But I know that darling hopes were hid Beneath that little coffin lid.

I know that a mother stood that day With folded hands by that form of clay; I know that burning tears were hid 'Neath the drooping lash and the aching lid; And I know her lip, and cheek, and brow, Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away— The crimson sack and the wrappings gay; The snow-white dress—the lock of hair— And for eyes so blue and head so fair There's an empty crib, with its covers spread, As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh, have care! For world-wide hopes are buried there; And ye, perhaps, in coming years, May see, like her, through blinding tears, How much of light, how much of joy, Is buried with an only boy!

THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in the sun together, Tilt the day was almost done, And then at its close an angel Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together, He touched their eyes with balm, And their last breath floated upward Like the eases of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed The unseen, mystical road, That leads to the Beautiful City, Whose builder and maker is God.

Perhaps in that miracle country They will give her lost youth back, And the flowers of a banished spring-time Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters Shall restore his manhood's prime, And eternal years shall measure The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them— The wrinkles and silver hair— Made sacred to us by the kisses The angels imprinted there.

We'll hide away in the meadow, When the sun is low in the west, Where the moonbeams cannot find them, Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tell-tale tomb-stone With its age and date arise O'er the two who are old no longer In their Father's house in the skies.

My Experience.

"Well, if that isn't ridiculous! I have always had a great admiration for Gail Hamilton, and didn't think she could write anything so silly."

"Why, what does she say?" "Listen! Here in her new work, 'Woman's Worth and Worthlessness,' she makes this remark: 'Women had better dress unhealthily than unbecomingly.' I am surprised that a woman of her caliber and influence should risk her reputation for wisdom on such an assertion.

I know full well that most women are now in subject slavery to the unwise and hurtful demands of fashion, and it becomes one like her to rivet the chains more tightly."

"You men don't know how devoutly thankful you ought to be for your sensible mode of dress. Your clothing is equally distributed over your body, leaving respiration and locomotion free, whilst we—"

"Well, why don't you women dress sensibly, too? I am sure no one would object."

"Now, what is the use of talking in that way? You know the truth of the old adage, 'You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion,' and if I were to follow the dictates of common sense in this matter, I should appear odd, and subject myself to invidious remarks."

"Well, all I have to say is this—if I were a woman, I would dress to suit myself, no matter what people would say."

I concluded to argue the question no further with my husband, but resolved, if I lived another day, to put his theory to test. Accordingly the next morning I rolled my hair up in an elaborate coil, about the size of half a walnut, and dispensed with all the superfluous supports and drapery. Thus comfortably and classically arrayed, I descended to the breakfast table.

My husband looked surprised, but contented himself with the kindly inquiry, "if I were not well!" I answered, "Perfectly so."

After breakfast I congratulated myself upon such a fine arrangement, as now I need spend no time upon my toilet, but could sit right down and have a long forenoon in which to sew.

After being thus engaged for a short time, there came a tinkle at the door-bell. I answered it myself. There stood a gentleman, who gave me a small parcel, with the request, "Please hand it to the lady of the house." I bobbed him a graceful courtesy, and said, "Yes, sir."

At dinner time my youngest hopeful came bounding in from school, with the salutation, "Why, ma! is that you? I didn't know you." My husband seemed still more bewildered, and asked, "Did I have a pain in my head? Hadn't I better lie down and apply a wet bandage?" I hastened to assure him that I never felt better in my life.

In the afternoon I concluded to put on a good old-fashioned sun-bonnet, go into

the yard and tie up some shrubbery. While thus engaged, I was accosted by a man from over the fence with the inquiry, "Did I know of any strong, good looking girl, like myself, he could hire to do his housework?" I replied, "I did not."

"Well, then did I think any of changing my place? If so, he would give as good wages as anybody, perhaps better than I was getting." I informed him "I had not the least desire to change, for I had a very indulgent mistress, and as for the man of the house, I really liked him right well. And furthermore," I said, "that no gentleman would endeavor to hire a servant from her place." I proceeded to convince him of that fact, when he recollected he was in a hurry, and must look farther.

Then I asked myself the question (a la Francis Train.) "How do you like it so far as you have gone?"

However, the worst was to come yet. About tea time I happened to go to the front door, when lo and behold! who should be coming in at the gate but my husband—and an old time beau. Now, if woman has one weakness above another, it is to appear well before a quondam admirer, not for the spirit of coquetry, but for the satisfaction of having him admit to himself, "What a lucky devil my rival was." Well here was a dilemma; which horn should I take—advance or run? I instantly chose the former, and met him very cordially, but thought I detected in his quick glance an expression which seemed to say, "Thank my stars that I escaped that woman." He was even so ungallant as to tell me "that I had changed greatly, and had he met me unexpectedly, he should not have known me." In the course of the evening, as I inquired after my girlhood friends, he seemed to take especial pleasure in telling me "they were very fine looking women."

Finally, the evening being warm, the gentlemen proposed a walk down town for ice cream. I exclaimed, delightedly, "Oh, thank you, that will be nice; just wait a moment until I get my sun bonnet." Then up spoke my husband, as one having authority, "Not in that rig, if you please, madam." I said, "Why not? It's very comfortable, and surely you ought to give me credit for sufficient independence to dress with a view to convenience rather than appearance."

Suddenly light broke on his mental vision, and as I explained the "situation" to our mutual friend he joined heartily in the merry laugh, feeling relieved that there was no immediate necessity for a trip to a certain asylum.

So after all, I have concluded that in one sense Gail is right. And while we are in Turkey we had better do as the Turks do.—Correspondence Woman's Journal.

Too Many Files.

Chicago seems to be a sort of fly paradise, according to one of our exchanges, and the "oldest inhabitant" vouches for the truth of the story that this year beats the whole record in the fly nuisance at the restaurants and about the city. A good story is told how Mr. Billy Baxter cleared his establishment of his winged visitors, and here it is:

Since the fire, Chicago can boast of many good, bad and indifferent restaurants. Wherever there is met a saloon, or a clothing store, or a gambling room, or a jewelry shop, or a theatre, there is located a restaurant, or a lunch room. No sooner was a table set in one of these places than the flies were on it, and when hungry mortals undertook to dine there ensued a fight for the spring chicken, or the boiled salmon, or the raspberry rolls. If the man was lucky enough to get it he enjoyed not only the meal but the consolation of knowing that he had finished scores of the troublesome pests.

Billy Baxter had long been troubled at his restaurant on West Madison street with the flies. He had tried every way possible to rid the house of them, but all in vain. They laughed at poisoned paper, and as for those ingeniously contrived wire traps, they stood on the castors and on the cigar cases, and actually turned up their little noses. It was becoming more and more annoying, and even Billy's good nature was fast disappearing.

On Wednesday afternoon a green-looking sort of a chap stepped into the restaurant and informed Baxter that he could rid his house of flies, and that he would do so for the small sum of \$2. Billy's big belly shook with delight, and he closed the bargain on the spot, only stipulating the money would not be paid until the absence of the flies could be noted.

The green-looking chap took from a dilapidated carpetbag a hemispherical case nearly a foot in length, and three or four inches in diameter. He laid his torpedoes like arrangement on the floor in the room, sprinkled a layer of powder for nearly two yards, then applied a match. Almost instantly there was an explosion. The "business had busted" with a terrific roar. So had the windows, and the crockery, and the flooring, and George Cole's new white hat. There wasn't a whole pane of glass, or a tea cup, or a water pitcher, or a fly to be found in the room. And worse still, the queer looking chap had departed without leaving his card. Whether he is the proprietor of a rival saloon, or was Beelzebub in disguise, no one can tell. It is only certain that whoever asks Baxter would he like to be rid of his flies will have to look out for a broken head.

"O, Charlie, I expect to graduate at next commencement," said a boarding school Miss. "Graduate! what will you graduate in?" "Why, in white tulle!"

A Wild Girl—A Mystery.

[From the Nevada (Mo.) Examiner.]

On Friday evening a couple of Mr. Raskor's children were going to the well situated in a field of growing corn, about one-fourth of a mile from the house, for water, they saw a little girl about 8 years old coming from the south and going north toward Moundville. She was crying wildly. As she passed the children she said "Where is mamma's house," but went on without stopping and crossed the north fence. When the children got back to the fence near the house, they saw the little girl on the hill about half a mile off, they went to the house and told their mother, but when she went to the door she could not see the child. When Mr. Raskor came home late at night she told him the circumstances but he supposed it was too late to hunt the child.

While he was out in the yard after supper he heard a child in the direction the little one had gone, scream out as if frightened. Immediately he started toward the sound, of the hill in the prairie, again he heard the child scream out. He stopped at his neighbor's, Mr. Rusk, and he went with him out to hunt the child. After Raskor came out of his house they both heard the child scream again as if frightened. They hunted until 11 o'clock, but could not hear from the child anywhere. That night it rained very hard about one hour.

Saturday the neighbors were aroused and the whole neighborhood was on the hunt, and riders went for miles around and inquired if there was a child lost, or if any of the children had been away from home on Friday last, and could not hear that any child had been from home.

The people finally came to the conclusion that the children were mistaken, and even Mr. Raskor and Rusk began to think that they might have been deceived by a night owl screeching, and they gave up the search late on Saturday.

On Sunday Mr. Robert Wilson, while on Mr. Sperry's corn field, discovered a child's track, but barefooted. The search was again renewed and excitement began to get high when a physician found a place where a child wearing gaiters had crossed the road, climbed a fence and jumped into the field. Her feet, shod with gaiters, as was seen by the impression in the mud, were small; the child where it lit on the ground fell back and left an impression on the soil, and as it got up fell forward on its knees. They could not track it out of the field, but found two more green cobs from which the corn was eaten. One theory now is that the child has become wild with fright and hides from those that are hunting her, in the tall grass or weeds. The signs, tracks and gnawed cobs show there was a child there, and the neighbors are sure it could be none of theirs. The greatest mystery is: Where did the child come from?

We learn the above from Mr. Karnes of Moundville, who was in town on Tuesday trying to learn who had lost the child.

A Slow Coach.

When the Patent Screw and Auger line of railway from Porkopolis terminated at Muddleburg, O. It has since come to be a great national thoroughfare—the unhappy passengers were carried to all parts of the civilized world, as well as to New Jersey, by the old fashioned stages. These stages ran crowded, and there was generally a contest for seats. Gov. Thomas Corwin was to leave Muddleburg at midnight for the state capital in a stage. To secure the best seat, this humorist sat up all night. He was not alone, for he had a bottle of choice old whisky to keep him company. He tried the whisky, he said, plain. He then had it made into a mint julep, after he had discussed it in the shape of a smash. About eleven o'clock he thought a cocktail would add variety to his topic of life. This he washed down with a hot punch, and then, at midnight, just as he heard the stage rattle in, he took all that was left "straight."

Seizing his carpet sack and overcoat, he rushed out to find a crowd around the stage, and without saying a word, but in a great hurry, bolted in and ensconced himself in one corner upon the back seat. He fell asleep congratulating himself upon having been so fortunate, and had a dream, dreary consciousness of the stage rolling away.

When he again awakened the stage was at a stand-still; the curtains were all down, the windows up; but enough day light got in to satisfy him that the institution had "done broke," some time since. He hastily started up, and dropping one of the windows, was perfectly amazed to find himself in the wagon yard of a hotel. Two boys were getting their dinner out of a measure heap, while a melancholy cow stood chewing her cud, while working her tail to keep it in practice for fly time. A lady hostler was entertaining herself with a pitchfork. A further note of the surroundings satisfied Gov. Corwin that he was in the rear of Muddleburg hotel, and that he had been there from twelve o'clock the night before. Corwin was a man of genius, and it did not take him long to discover the cause of this extraordinary result. He had got into a stage that had come in, instead of going out. The people about this leathery convenience, when he announced himself, thought, as he afterward learned, that he was a passenger in search of an umbrella, or some other article, left behind.

The governor opened the door of the stage very softly. He crept out, trying to feel that, as he said subsequently, his skin hung loose on him. He could not escape, however, the eyes of the hostler, who exclaimed in some astonishment:

"Hello, governor, did they forgit and leave you in de stage?" "There, there, my man," answered Corwin, giving him a silver dollar. "You keep your fly trap shut, or there'll be a sudden death in your family."

"Fore God," exclaimed the hostler as Corwin walked away, "dat's most 'stronary," the governor of Ohio done forgit in a stage coach."

Corwin walked to the hotel, deposited his carpet sack and coat behind the first door he encountered, and then sauntered into the breakfast room, trying to assume the air of a man who had not slept in a wagon yard all night. While discussing the oiled sole leather and muddy coffee, for which the American people pay hotel prices, a friend on the other side of the table, looking up suddenly, exclaimed:

"Why, governor I thought you left for the capital last night."

"Well," exclaim Corwin, with one of the whimsical looks which was wont to set the table in a roar, "I was under that impression myself."

"Got left, did you?" "Yes, I believe I was a good deal left."

"How was that, Governor?" "See here, my friend," exclaimed Corwin, carefully depositing his knife and fork on each side of his plate as if they were articles of value, "if you will consent not to press a further investigation on that subject, I will present your wife with a bonnet more like a coal scuttle than any now in market. If you'll consent," he continued with wild energy, seizing his fork, "I'll murder you."

The story, however, was too good for Tom to keep to himself, and for years after he was in the habit of telling how he slept in a stable yard, and attributed it all to some very bad whiskey that the Hon. Salmon P. Chase had given him. DONN PIATT.

Keeping a Post-Office.

From the earliest period of my recollection I've had a desire to keep a post-office, or have the P. O. keep me; I didn't care a continental which. For years I had toiled for the 'posish' of P. M., and last week I succeeded. But now I write after my name, ex P. M.

I'll tell you how it came about. The post-master here resigned, and, with the aid of a graveyard recommendation, I succeeded him. It's nobody's business if I did rob the tombstones for names for my petition; and I can't see why the relatives of the defunct chaps won't quit throwing it up to a fellow.

Well, I wrote P. M. after my name. Mrs. Lipmuck embraced me with the tenderness of a she bear when I rushed into the room waving my petition over my head, and my appointment brought on sundry other hugs. I was a happy man.

Mrs. L. and I sat up till midnight writing my name with P. M. after it. Oh, it looked grandly. I wouldn't have swapped for Prest., LL. D., or A. B. The next day I entered upon the discharge of my duties, and yesterday Uncle Samuel discharged me.

Immediately upon his successor (which was me) being qualified, the ex P. M. left, and I was left alone. The mail came and I distributed it thus wise: My motto has always been, 'First come first served,' and I acted upon it to the best of my ability. I gave a letter to each caller as long as they lasted, and then I commenced on the papers.

Wife said the thing would set like a charm. Under the old regime some people never got a letter, while now the first person in the office, after the distribution of the mail, would get the biggest, fattest letter that came.

The idea was original, and I prided myself upon the invention. The Lip muck brain was ever inventive.

The morning followed 'mail day,' I left my house for the post office—the attainment of long cherished ambition. As I turned a corner I discovered two well known citizens about to test the virtue of clenched hands.

"I never wrote a letter to your wife," vociferated one.

"You lie!" yelled the other; "your letter yesterday was handed to me. My wife is in Birmingham, and wrote a sweet letter to you. Lipmuck's noble motto, 'First come first served,' placed it in my hands"—and a moment later at it they went.

I hurried on.

I had just entered the P. O., when a woman entered the building.

"You villain!" she yelled, knocking my hat to the floor, and burying her eagle talons in my hair. "You gave my letter to Mrs. Fastongue, the biggest old slanderer in town. And she's telling everywhere that I've been writing to a married man."

Well, I can't boast of as much hair as I could a week ago.

Scarcely had my persecutor left when a crowd rushed into the office. The Methodist preacher headed it. I think he swore as he crossed the threshold.

"Villain!" he yelled, "you gave Bird fyro one of my letters, and he's blowing everywhere that I've got a wife in New York and another in Maine."

"Kill him! kill him!" yelled those behind him.

I saw a dozen fists and clubs searing me, and I retreated.

"Hang the scoundrel!" cried the woman, and I feared the command would be executed.

I went through the window, and now I'm in another town.

I'm an ex-P. M. now, and a chap whose motto ain't 'First come first served,' stands at the goal of my late ambition.

My brief P. M.-ship has not been unproductive of results. Thus M. E.

preacher has left his charge and a New York woman is hunting him. Twenty six divorces state our next court in the face, and, through my brief career, nine men walk on crutches, and four women have spoiled faces.

And I? Why, my cranium is hairless and I dare not go back to Skullytown on penalty of death.

My ambition is satisfied now, and I have discharged that motto, 'First come, first served.' It don't work in a post-office.

I wouldn't be a P. M. again for all the benzine in the world.

The Macon, Georgia, Telegraph, thus ventures to paint a moral and adorn a tale: "It is reported that several young ladies at a fashionable water place, who had the benefit of pious training, still show the fruits of their early education by using on Sunday for *en bon point*, nothing but religious newspapers. They are true as steel, too, to their denominational tenets, and a bright little Presbyterian blonde patronizes the Southern Presbyterian; another black-eyed disciple of Wesley, will support nothing save the Christian Advocate; while a certain coy maiden, with a dark complexion and flowing ringlets, who has been under the water, clings to the dear Index, which is so eloquent about immersion and the necessity of being 'buried beneath the liquid wave.' All aver that they feel better while wearing near to their dear persons those emblems of their faith, and why not let the pretty devotees enjoy their religious principles. This is carrying into practice what they profess, and surely no one will be so ill-natured as to suggest that they had better leave off these prodigious appendages and emulate the simplicity of the Quaker. Out upon such a barbarous insinuation!"

CHILDREN SELLING IN JAPAN.—The detestable practice appears to be prevalent in Japan of purchasing and selling young children. From this a still more horrible practice has grown up. Chinese traders have gone to Japan, and for a trifling sum purchased young girls of their parents in order to bring them up in a life of infamy. To so great an extent has this practice been conducted that the following rather mild notification has been issued from the Japanese Foreign Office. "You came to our country for the purpose of trading only, and expecting great privileges; but we are informed that some Chinese have bought Japanese children, and sent them to China for the purpose of making them slaves. As no one likes to sell his own children, it is certain that other people's children have been stolen. We regret this and are very angry about it. You have resided a long time in this country under the government protection, but instead of doing good for our country you have done much evil. If any such wrong doing occurs again, the government will not spare. Beware, Chinese!"

How is it that women manage to look so cool in warm weather? A man will go flapping along with open vest, handkerchief in hand, hat on the back of his head, hugging a narrow strip of shade on the sidewalk with a dogged desperation, that projecting stoops, cellar doors and wheelbarrows well nigh heighten to insanity, and making a show of himself like a boiled carrot steaming from the pot, while a woman—a young woman—will turn out in a streaked dress, put on some kind of a fly net around her waist, a little frilling, some blue ribbon and a lace collar, and sail along under a noon-day sun, looking as cool and graceful as a Norway pine on its native hills. Why is it?

A young lady having set her cap for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win, was telling her sorrows to a couple of confidants when one of them comforted her with these words:—"Never mind, Mollie; there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie knows that," replied the other; "but she wants a whale."

Mr. Shade Spalding, a thriving farmer living on the Mexico road, about two miles from St. Peters, lost his entire wheat crop of this year, except one wagon load, last Saturday night by fire. The wheat was already threshed, sacked, and, was ready for market. The cause of the fire and the amount of loss we were not able to learn.—St. Charles News.

A beggar asked for a piece of bread and butter at a house the other day, and on a couple of slices being brought to him, he immediately refused it. "What's the matter?" asked the donor; "isn't this good bread?" "Yes, the bread's good enough," said the beggar. "Well, isn't the butter good, too?" "Yes, I've no fault to find with the butter." "Well then what is the matter?" "I don't like the way it's spread on," growled the fastidious mendicant.

When is a small baby like a big banker? When he is a worth child.

What most people clear by betting on horse races—their pockets.

What part of the rifle is like an assault? The breach of the piece.

A little girl described a snake as a "thing that's a tail all up to the head."

The cat is a wonderful builder; we have seen a cat run a house in less than five minutes.

Some one, speaking of the red nose of an intemperate man, said "it was a very expensive painting."